

They Brought the Spirit of Coney Island From Surf Avenue to the "Roaring Forties"



ART AND BEAUTY IN THE COSTUMES

Now, for the intimate news: Miss Grace Moore, a bewitching picture in robin-egg tulle and black velvet smock and jaunty cap; Marie Salsbury as a French cream puff, Dottie Schaefer in flowing orchid with a wisp of forget-me-nots in her golden tresses, and Helen Flint in black ballet skirt had merry quips for all.

May Rushing was in a grass skirt, a four-inch bodice, her arms and legs bare. Hula Hula, say we! Barbara Gulllan, born in Dublin, as she confessed, was a saucy Irish "Carmen" up to date, in green and bare of left shoulder. Miriam Miller, in hoarsest costume, was accompanied by Bruce Pine; happy of hearts and light of feet. A merry three-some were Doris Landy, Lilian White and Muriel Harrison, the latter as a pitter-patter Chinese maid. By actual count, Muriel has attended six balls in the last month.

With a two-foot white headpiece, Miss Sally Dodge in Louis XV. raiment, accompanied by her Russian clad brother, Roger, the children of William Deleftwitch Dodge, the artist, created quite a stir. The skin of a baby leopard covered dainty Miss Charlotte Strothman. Two eager lads—John S. Osterstock and Webster App-sipped ginger ale, garbed as sheiks. Charles Atlas, bare of body with the exception of a broadsword covering at his waist, carrying a huge staff, recalled the golden days of Hercules.

Miss Eleanor Knowles called herself Psyche in the Sink. She wore a cretonne skirt, a tin tub encircled her waist, from which dangled a sponge and a cake of soap. Brilliant stones shone out from a two-inch bodice. Then there were Two Musketeers—Fred Grant and Harold Gordon. "We had a third," said Grant, "but he passed out early in the evening."

Jay Jordan was in red from neck to toes. Rudd Rennie, her partner, was a Staten Island Fireman. Gladys Coburn, in saucy raiment, declared it was "full-portion draping." Dorethy Smoller was in Maiden-of-the-Nile costume.

ON HUNDRED GIRLS FROM THE ATRES IN ATTENDANCE.

Aside from the beautiful girls already mentioned, there were one hundred from Broadway theatrical productions. Some wealthy (identically a secret) retired architect donated \$1,000 to the ball on condition that they be present. The ball lasted, as has been announced until the caviar automatically became cream of wheat. Among the patronesses were Mrs. Jay Gould, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Mrs. Lydie Hoyt, Mrs. Grafton H. Pyne, Mrs. Charles Gary Runney, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Robert Low Bacon, Mrs. George F. Baker Jr., Mrs. Donna Barber, Mrs. John Barrymore, Mrs. Gordon Knox Bell, Mrs. Harry Payne Bingham, Mrs. W. Lawrence Bottomley, Mrs. Archibald M. Brown, Mrs. George S. Chappell, Mrs. Thomas E. Clarke Jr., Mrs. Leonard Cox, Mrs. Eliot Cross, Mrs. Henry Davenport Miss Elise de Wolfe, Mrs. Paul Dougherty.

Mrs. David Dows, Mrs. George Draper, Mrs. Harmanus B. Duryea, Mrs. Newbold LeRoy Edgar, Mrs. Sidney Fish, Mrs. Cass Gilbert, Mrs. Frederick Godley, Mrs. Howard Greenley, Mrs. Thomas Hastings, Mrs. James Norman Hill, Mrs. Fredrick C. Hiron, Mrs. Leroy King, Mrs. Goodhue Livingston, Mrs. Walter Maynard, Mrs. James McCrea, Mrs. Charles F. Mitchell, Mrs. Lewis S. Morris, Mrs. Orson D. Munn, Mrs.

tantalizingly a curtain back of the peep-hole was raised. The peepers beheld a beautiful girl, hiding cooly behind a fig leaf, step right out of the cover of a well known five-cents-the-copy weekly. One man, entered the booth five times. When asked for his name, he replied: "Oh, the boys in Long Island call me Bill Lundgren."

On the left of the orchestra a practical merry-go-round was whirling, winsome maidens maily about. On the right of the band was the slipperiest shoot-the-chutes ever. One girl—Dorothy Schaefer—however, didn't think it was slippery. The crowd cheered while it lasted. The concession had chairs for about a dozen persons and gave shows every five minutes between dances. The booth presided over by Leo Lentell was well patronized. He reproduced in clay a beautiful live model, "The Birth of Venus" it was called. The Ball Committee intimated that the model was a beautiful society girl, but her identity could not be revealed.

Credit for the originality displayed in the decorations and side shows is due to the Executive Committee, composed of Kenneth M. Murchison, Harry Allan Jacobs, Donn Barber, George S. Chappell, Raymond M.

BEAUX ARTS BALL BORROWS BEAUTY AND MERRIMENT FROM CONEY TO THE FAR ORIENT

Striking Costumes, Novel Effects and Alluring Concessions Contribute to the Revel of Society and Stage in Long Hours of Dance.

For the first time in the history of midnight-to-dawn frolics the Spirit of Coney Island was transported from Surf Avenue to Broadway last night, when the Astor Ballroom was turned into an Arabian Nights entertainment, which included merry-go-rounds, shoot-the-chutes, Boadwalk cafes, a Palace of Illusions and a "Theatre Intime." It was the fourth ball of the Fine Arts and given by the Society of Beaux Arts, or the Lenox of the B. A. Institute of Design. The institute charges no fees, and more than a thousand students in architecture and 800 in painting and sculpture will benefit from the money realized at the ball.

Paul Whitehead's Orchestra began to moan about 10:30 o'clock last night and "Home Sweet Home" was rendered at 8:30 this morning, at which time there were easily 1,000 merry dancers on the floor, who applauded in vain for more melody. But artists and architects must have sleep, even though dance-crazy society girls and shimmering-draped models want to see the sun rise.

The grand ballroom was ablaze with the colors of a hundred rainbows. Concessionaires, ballyhooing before the entrances to their booths, did a land office business between dances. Scores of spotlights, located high above the dancers, shot tantalizing multi-colored rays into the horde of terpsichorean friends.

Promptly at 8 A. M. the buglers blew for attention. Suddenly an Oriental draped barque pushed its nose into the assemblage. A score of scantly clad blue girls raised themselves languorously, and cast beaded optics at pop-eyed swains in desert garb. Last the girls catch cold the barque rode at anchor but a few minutes, and then six porters (more than wall-ins) paddled it back of the curtains. The concession which did the biggest business was the "Theatre In-

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WIDOW HUNTS SON MISSING FOUR YEARS

Tells Immigration Officials Here of H. Van Quest in Europe.

After crossing the ocean and searching through England and Scotland to find her son, Mrs. Sarah Bailey, a widow from Boston, wept yesterday when she stood before Immigration officials on Ellis Island, asking for entry into the United States.

"My return here means little to me now," she sobbed despairingly. "When I left my home at No. 92 Albion Street, Boston, a year ago, it was to find my son, George Bailey. I said then I would never return here without him. But hope springs even in a most forlorn spirit, and I find that a

mother's love can never be subdued. "My boy has been missing four years. If he is living to-day he is thirty-three years old. He left home Oct. 26, 1918. George said he was going to sail on an army transport. He kissed me goodbye, and from that day to this I have had no trace of him. Naval officials have helped me in my search."

She was passed by the immigration authorities, to continue her search. She said she would live at No. 250 Fifth Street, South Boston.

UNEMPLOYED PLAN ACTIVE CAMPAIGN.

"Jobless in No Mood to Play With Question, Want Action," Say Leaders.

The Unemployment Council, a committee of delegates from various labor unions of the city which is attempting to organize unemployed workers for collective action, will continue its activities during the coming week-end, according to notices mailed yesterday, bearing No. 201 West 13th Street as a return address.

A demonstration will be held in the open air at Tenth Street and Second Avenue Saturday, at 2 P. M., and on Sunday at 2 P. M. An "Unemployment Dinner," with tickets at 75 cents each, will be a feature at Food Workers' Hall, No. 133 West 51st Street, to raise funds to carry on organization work.

Notices received by newspapers say the dinner "will be different from anything held in New York City," and urge all in sympathy with the work of the Unemployment Council to attend. In connection with the announcement of Saturday's demonstration it is stated that conditions are getting harder, without the slightest hope of betterment; that the jobless are in no mood to play any longer about the question of unemployment; that they have heard sentiment long enough and that "action is now required and must be carried out."

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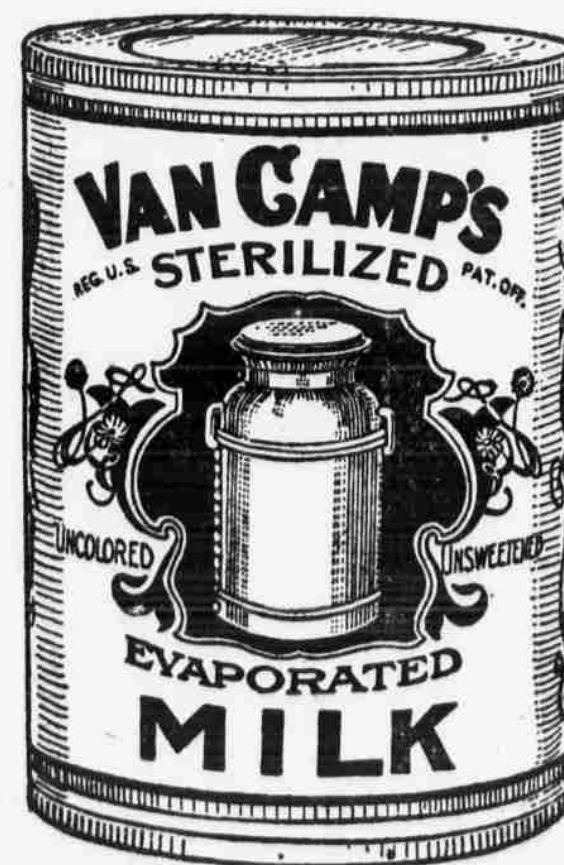
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Over twice as rich as bottled milk in butter fat and solids.

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Experts have spent 20 years to bring you a milk like this.

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There has come to this section an ideal milk. Grocers are now supplied, and they will be kept supplied.

Not one home in twenty, the country over, can get a milk like this. It comes from sanitary dairies and from high-bred cows.

So this Van Camp Milk is offered in selected sections only. This section is now one. From this time on all homes around here can get it every day. And we want you to know what it means to you.

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The milk thus reduced is as thick as cream. It is over twice as rich as bottled milk—nearly 8 per cent butter fat.

Use as it comes in coffee or on cereals. Add an equal part of water for drinking. Dilute still further for cooking, and you still have rich whole milk. A higher-grade milk is impossible.

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